AMUSEMENTS. MADISON BOUARE CARDEN.
ONLY ONE WEEK MORE AFTER THE
EXHIBITING IN BROOKLYN BASTER MONDAY.

BARNUM & BAILEY'S

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

2 Rings, 3 Stages, Hippodrome Racing Track,
Triple Curre, Paris Clympia Hippodroms,
Mid Moorsh Caravan, Menageries, Aviare, &c.,
Hall of Illusions, Arabian Fanjasia,
Trained Animal, 40 Clowns, 300 February,
PERFORMANCES AT 2 AND S P. M.
Admission, 50 conts (4th ave.), children under 9
pears, 25 conts; reserved seats, 51 (Madison Srs.),

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved Seate-Orchestra Circle and Balcony-60s.
NATURAL GAS.
Next Week-THE GREAT HERRMANN.
Next Sunday.—AMERICA OUR HOME,
BY PROF. CROMWELL.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

EDWARD HARRIGAN'S Proprietor

M. W. HANLEY

LANGWEEK OF THE SEARCY

LANGWEEK OF THE SEARCY

THE GRIP

DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR ORCHESTRA

WEDNESDAY. MATINERS. ... ATTROAT

NIBLO'S RESERVED SEATS, 50c.

TO NIGHT... ROMEO AND JULIET.
To-morrow night, "Camille." Wed. Mat., "Long of
Lyons." Next Week.—SalD PASHA.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST. THEATER HEST SHOW OF SEASON JOHN'S RELLY, JAMES F. HOST. Rose & Pontos. Charles Beamin, John Territory & Designer, Landson, Lands

KONTER A BIAL'S CONCERT HALL
MATINGE TO DAY
First time of a Pantominic Divertiseeman,
WAL - ROI - KI
THE FLOWER OF TONGUIN.

STANDARD THEATRE. Broadway, 23d a Keery Evening, Mailness Wednesday and Salvedge HOWARD ATHEN EUN APPENANTY CO.

Next week, new attractions, including Cassabell.

A GOLD MINE.

THE MARQUISE.

Begins at 8, 15.

Matinees SATURDAYS.

Matinees SATURDAYS.

Matinees SATURDAYS.

ACADEMY

MONTH FATE

BENNATURE OF THE HOMESTEAD

BROADWAY THEATRE. Corner 41:84
Matiness Wed, and Sat. 412 P.M. Rivenings at 8.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE.

BINDLEY. DOT: AVA GER'S OATH.

R. JACOBS (THALIS)
OLD BOWERY THEATER
Bartley Campbell's Play.

FATE Miss Lee Lamayand Strong Company.

April 15—HARDIE 4 VON LEER.

STAR THEATRE.

Every Evening at 8. Matines Saturday at 2.

In her new play, JOUELL N.

April 15—Robson and Crans. The Henriette.

FERNANDO'S DANCING ACADEMY, 168 E SOTH

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS

GRAND THEATER.

186 Grand St., Brooklyn, R.D.,
WEEK OF APER A.
Survival of the Pictor.
A. Royal Feast in Store.
LILLY CLAYS

Colossal Gaiety Co.

40 IN THE WORLD, 40

The Gorgeon Wilner

Beauty in Dreamland

HONEST "OLD RAPPAHANNOCK" HAS NAT GOODWIN WILL GO TO THE PACIFIC TAKEN HIS LAST ROW.

For Nearly Half a Century He Had Been Daily on the Bay, and Many a Distinguished Sailer Did He Carry in His Whitehall Boat—He Was a Great Ourse man in His Day.

A little Whitehall boat modelled like the Champion lay empty at the Battery this morning. But "Old Rappahannock," who had owned it, was not there. Not more than a stone's throw away he lay asleep under the candles and the cross,

It was almost the first time in nearly half a century that he had been missed from the Battery, and the little boat was waiting for him. The genial, bronzed old oarsmap, whom all New York knew, had pulled an oar across the

County Leitrim, fifty-seven years ago. His name was Hugh Burns. He came to New York in 1841. For three or four years he sailed about the world before the mast on the good ship Rappahannock. The rest of his scafaring

A BRIDGEPORT PRIZE PIANO.

Won by a Lucky Shoe Buyer and Attached for Butcher's and Grocer's Bills.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, 1

The tickets were chances in a \$500 piano, gold watch and other prizes.

Saturday night the grand drawing occurred, and Reuben Unwin. of 414 Park avenue, drew

and Reuben Unwin, of \$14 Park avenue, drew
the piano.

This morning a truckman called for the piano,
but could not remove it, as two attachments had
been placed upon it by a butcher and grocer.

Unwin claims that his wife held the ticket that
drew the piano, as she had bought a pair of
shoes and the ticket had been given to her.

Coursel has been retained by all parties.

The butcher and grocer claims that their bills
were contracted by Mrs. Unwin during her husband's sickness. Unwin claims he does not owe
the debta. Mrs. Unwin's counsel declares they
will clear the piano from attachment and the
butcher's counsel says, Mrs. Unwin will never be
able to play upon the instrument, while L. N.
Middlebrock, agent of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, says that the shoe dealer should
be prosecuted for running a lottery contrary to
law.

port's Veteran Ticket-Taker.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 8. - Albert Murphy. an old resident, well known to the theatrica profession, as he has for years guarded the por tals of the Hawes Opera-House, was greatly

but could not sleep until anæsthetics had been administered.

In a few hours the fire alarm bells sounded, when Murphy jumped from his troubled slumbers, uttered a moan and fell dead.

Doctors say that the excitement of the drama and the sudden fire alarm caused heart failure.

By a turn of the wheel all was lost. With a rough speech his feelings do kind word.

For he feels, tho' he is but a tramp.

Fifth Avenue Theatre Mr. Goodwin goes to San Francisco, where, however, he will not produce "The Gold Mine." He will present his old favorites. "Turned Up," Lend Me Five Bhillings "and "Confusion." He will take with with him the company that ne had in the earlier part of the season. Miss Kate Foreyth will not go to San Francisco. It is quite probable that she will star next season if she can find a suitable play. Mr. Goodwin next season will put on "The Bookmaker," a horsey play that has made a great hit in London.

Miss Kate Faley is very delighted with the Old Rappahannock" was born in the Miss Kate Feley is very delighted with the part which she is to create in "An Iron Creed" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-night. It is a comedy part. Miss Folsy, however, objected to certain words, and begged very hard to be allowed to leave them out. The consent of the author was finally obtained. One of the words which Miss Folsy declined to use was "kisser" for "mouth."

man Clancy did.
On the water he was almost a successor of "Commodore" Vanderbilt, and, like that successful Battery boatman, he was soon the owner of a little fiset.
At one time he had a flotilla of twenty-five Whitehall boats and two fast yachts. But marine ventures became unprofitable, and when he died his fleet had been reduced to two Whitehall beats.

died his fleet had been reduced to two Whitehall boats.

The old boatman used to row the autogratic captains of the fleet American clippers from the Battery to their ships in the offing.

He used to row the American admirals and commodores and captains to their men-of-war in the days when there were no ironclads and we were proud of our wooden navy.

He was well acquainted with Gen. Hancock and his staff and with all the officers who have been on Governor's Island in the last thirty years. Gen. Hancock was often a passenger in his little Whitehall boat.

'Old Rappahannock 'was one of the inventors of the whistling buoy, and he said that the idea was original with him. In that case, the ocean buoy will be his ocean monument.

The funeral of the late Mr. Burns will take place to-morrow from his home. No. 23 Washington street.

He was a good citizen, an excellent neighbor and a kind father. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 8, -For some sime Charles Ayers, who runs a shoe store in Main street, has been giving a ticket with every pair of shoes sold.

probable that the President may commence a vacation to-morrow, and however welcome the relief will be to him the bare idea strikes terror to the hearts of the office seekers.

If the President does go he will remain away at least a week, and when he returns he will commence to prepare for the Washington Inaugural Centennial.

This would probably throw a number of important appointments over into next month, and by that time many a heart will be sick with hope deferred, and many a pocketbook will have been reduced to a state of absolute flatness. ONLY A TRAMP.

We have nothing to give. What a bore!" DIED AFTER THE DRAMA. These words like a dagger sink deep in the heart Of a tramp as he turns from your door, The Strange Case of Albert Murphy. Bridge-Homeless, half famished with cold,

Tired of life, heart-weary, forlorn. You with luxuries surrounded, while he must Hardships and the finger of scorn.

'Who knocks ? Oh, 'tis only a tramp!

Tis only a tramp! Yet, who knows ?

He, like you, may have had home and friends, fond wife, loving children, good clothes, Many blessings that wealth oft extends. With a rough speech his feelings don't damp. Tho' you've nothing to give, you can speak a

ACROSS THE RIVER OF DEATH NO GOLD MINE FOR 'FRISCO. | THE JOKER'S IDLE MOMENTS. | TO ACTRESS ROSE COGHLAN.

WITTY BRAIN FANCIES THAT BMANATE ALAN DALE WRITES ANOTHER LETTER OF FROM THEIR PENS.

SLOPE WITH HIS OTHER PLAYS.

Ente Feley's Qurt in "An Iren Creed"... An Infant Predigy Wanted in "Reger In Hente"...Mrs. Raymond's Experi-ences in Preducing Her Comic Opera...

It has been reported that James C. Duff will

manage Nat Goodwin in place of George Ployd, resigned, and that the comedian will conse-quently enjoy a five months' run at the Standard

Theatre next season. Nothing has as yet been

Fifth Avenue Theatre Mr. Goodwin goes to San

Miss Fanny Davenport's season has been won-derfully successful, and Miss Davenport writes charming letters to all her friends and says those charming little things that are always born of success. It is said that her share of "La Tos-ca's" profits this season amounts to \$75,000.

Miss Rose Leighton and Mrs. Hattie Delaro Barnes are negotiating to appear in the new comic opera, "Adrielle," which is to be pro-duced at the Union Square Theatre in June. Mrs. Barnes wants to play the part of a pretty hoy, remembering her success as the cadeta' loader in "The Queen's Mate."

Harry Hamlin, of Chicago, left for that city yesterday. He has been looking for a child to appear in the adaptation of "Roger is Honte" which he is to put on in Chicago.

Miss Amelia Somerville looks ill and wishes that she had not reduced her flesh so successfully. A fleshly subject, it appears, cannot secure a sylph-like form with impunity. It is amusing to hear how Miss Davenport is always held up as an authority on the subject, which every one will admit is an absorbing one. (Hall has pun.)

DESPAIRING OFFICE-SEEKERS.

They Hear with Sinking Hearts of the

Prosident's Proposed Vacation.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVERING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8.-It is not im-

probable that the President may commence a

ettled, however. After his engagement at the

Fanny Davenport's Great Season.

The Here of the Hear.



Madison Squeer-I suppose that's that everasting great Lord Yelloughby Danteek we're all invited here to meet. 'Gad, he puts on style

Upson Downes-Great Scott, Maddy, you're out of the swim—that's William Garrabrant Smith! I'll introduce you. Madison Squeer—William Garra—? Who is ney Upson Downes...Why, where do you keep your-self? He's the man who does "ligs in Clover" with his left hand and both eyes shut. That little rat in the corner's Lord Yelloughby.

Very amusing stories are told of bloodless combate between Manager James C. Duff, of the Standard Theatre, and Mrs. Marcy Raymond, who has paid \$10,000 for that house, and intends to produce. Dovetta, her comic operathers April 22. Now, Mr, Duff, who is an admirable stage manager, naturally desires to a mirable stage manager, naturally desires to arrange things in the way that he knows will please. Mrs Raymond, who has paid down her nice, good money to produce her own work, believes that she has the right to settle every detail. And so there is a conflict. Miss Fauline Markham, who was to have had an important part in "Dovetta," has sent back her part. A Boy With an Eye to Susiness.

[Pros the Chicago Pribuse.]

Newsboy (at Baltimore Railway Station)—Is this a through train from the West? Conductor-Yes. Newsboy—Goln' to Washington? Conductor—Yes. Newsboy (entaring The Two Lives" company, that played a brief week at Niblo's recently, with Miss Maude Granger as the star, is in a bad way. The organization came to grief in Baltimore. Some of the members who were in luck had their fares paid back to New York. Those who were not in luck have not as yet been heard from. J. K. Tillotson, it is said, did not materialize.

Conductor—Yes.

Newsboy (entering car)—Morning papers! All about the President's latest appointments!

Ohio's chances for —

Pessengers (rising en masse)—Here, boy! A Plat Refusal. Janitor-Have you any children, sir ?

Mr. Kidby-Yes; three. Janitor-I can't let you have this flat, then Mr. Kidby-But my children are all married. Janitor—It doesn't make no difference.
Mr. Kidby—They live out in Chicago.
Janitor—Can't help it, sir, the owner says he won't rent to nobody who has children, under no circumstances.

Lenten Deprivations. "Why, Maria, aren't you going to church this afternoon?"
"No, not to-day,"
"Why, I thought you were so passionately fond of Mr. Higginson's presching?"
"So I am, but I've sworn it off for Lent."

[From the German, in Tease Strings.]
A.—What did your uncle do for you in his will ? B.-His will was entirely in my favor. I'm in

luck.

Left you all his money, did he?"

Not directly. He left all his money to charitable institutions."

'I thought you said you were in luck."

'So I am. All the other heirs are going to break the will, and they have employed me as their lawyer."

A Very Intriente Plot, Indeed! [Free: the Epoch.] Aspiring Author—I have the manuscript of play which I would like to submit.

Manager-Has it a good plot ? A. A. Good plot! I should say so! Why (waxing confidential), the plot is so intricate that the audience who sees it once will have to gome every night for a week to find out exactly mow things turn out.

Preparing for the Emergency. [From Judge.]



Mrs. Bretella-Aren't you laced awfully tight, STARBORN T

Miss Bretella-I may be a little, mamma, but I feel sure that Mr. Sawdorff will propose this evening, and he's got the shortest arms you ever saw.

KINDLY ADVICE.

A Supplication That She Remain with Us and Refrain from Barn-Sterming-Her Performance in "Jecelyn" Excellent and One That Charmed the Audience, and Then There's No Telling What Good Contract She May Make Here.

Before me, on the table, is a pair of mangled, sad kid gloves. They have been irrevocably spoiled: a howe rent disfigures the centre of each; a violent emotion appears to have rendered them limp. Miss Coghlan, those gloves were mine, and they reached their present condition last night, when their owner went to the Star Theatre to see you in "Jocelyn." No: I do not regret them. They died in a good cause. They met their fate while applauding one of the most ascinating demise be imagined ?

harming ladies in the country. Could a more My object in addressing you, dear Miss Rose, is not so much to tell you how you adorn the stage-you know that, of course-but to implore of you, to entreat you, to supplicate you by the memory of my poor defunct kids to remain with us, and leave barn-storming to those whom it

may concern more vitally. New York can ill afford to lose an actress like yourself, with a magnetism that is alone sufficient to fill a theatre, independent of the play. Think, Miss Coghlan, of the advantages of remaining in this big city. safely enscenced in a nice metropolitan stoc company. We all know you and like you, and before you utter a word you are aware that the house is full of friends. To bosure, your name will not be in large black letters on the programme; the members of the company in which you appear will not rush to the sides of the stage and leave you in undisturbed possession of the

centre, and you will not get quite so many bouuets over the footlights. But, Miss Rose, are not these unsubstantial joys ficetingly pleasurable, will-o'-the-wisp-like and clusive? To gain these joys you must sacrifice the comforts of life, you must live in queer, uncanny hotels, eat eerie, unwholesome food (and, dear Miss Coghlan, you need the very best nourishment that the land can supply) and pass your time in the unsatisfactory railroad car. You must face audiences who will think you are greatest in the duel scene of "Jocelyn," you nust haunt towns where it will be necessary to bill you as "Rose Coghlan, New York's incom parable actress, who will be seen in her great sword-fencing act "in order to fill the house;

you must exclude yourself from your friends. Miss Coghian, don't star any more, there's good girl. Remain with us Be our theatrical joy: our dramatic light; our histronic beauty. We will cherish you in our palpitating metro politan bosom. We will welcome the return of our prodigal daughter, and kill fatted calves enough to satisfy the most voracious.

I have never seen you exert yourself so thoroughly as you did last night in "Jocelyn," Miss Coghlan, and though you gave an.excellent performance, one that charmed the udience, and ought to keep the theatre nicely filled during the remainder of your New York stay, your methods have become just slightly tinged with starsomeness. How eagerly you glide into the centre of the stage! How surreptitiously from out the corner of your eyes do you note the effect of any little telling speec upon the audience! How artistically, yet per-sistently, do you wait for applause when you think you deserve it! How thoroughly do you subordinate the rest of your company to your

Never in all the time that you were the attraction at Wallack's did I see you scan your audience; never by the faintest sign did you indicate that you had any interest in the front of the house; and in those days any fulsome applause would, I am sure, have appealed to you as an inartistic interruption of a narmonious perform-

In "Jocelyn" you have a strong, skilfully written play, dealing in an interesting way with the year 1620; you have a capital company containing the best villain I have ever seen in New York-I refer to Wilton Lackage-and you have a " last act " which will delight the audiences of Skowhegan, Oshkosh, and Red Bank, N. J. But I have seen you as Stephanie is Forget-Me-Not," and as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," and neither Jocelyn's tune

ful shricks of woe, nor her languorous love scene can quite shut out the memory of those legitimate triumphs.

Oh! this starring mania! It must make the angels weep! It cannot be otherwise. Why does not some philanthropist with a surplus in his treasury fund a home for the starring maniacs, and concentrate the horrible disease, with its awful contagion, within four brick walls? What a monster building he would have to erect. The crop of stars is ferever increasing; no sooner has an actor met with a moderate degree of success as a member of a company, than off he must go on a starring tour-reckless of consequences, unmindful of the fact that he may have to walk home. Says he to himself: "Even if am a dead failure; even if I can't pay salaries" (I am afraid the salary question doesn't troubl him much, however, for he can always find fools to accompany him). "I shall have lost nothing.
I can come back to New York and any manager will pay me a larger salary because I have starred." And this is true. Everything tends

to make the crop of stars larger.
But, Miss Coghlan, you could be so comfort able with us! We really are rather nice when you know us. It is horrible to think that we can see you but once in a season, and that you throw yourself away upon audiences who would infinitely sooner go to the circus.

Don't star any more, please. Settle yourself n a comfortable little flat; let it be noise around that Miss Coghlan is "at liberty:" taka dip into the managerial grab-bag, and see what a nice meaty contract you will find.

CASSACK'S POCKET BARROOM

ALAN DALE.

PEDDLING WHISKEY IN FRONT OF CLOSED SALOONS AT LOW PRICES.

Falk Cassack. of 7 Rutgers street, is a man of ideas. He is not opposed to whiskey selling, and yet his eye twinkled and his brain got into a cheerful vein of thinking when Supt Murray issued a ukase to the police captains last Sunday to be more stringent in enacting observance of

the Excise law.

Falk's little scheme in which he saw boodle was to go around in the neighborhood of saloons and keep an eye on the would-be Sunday patrons. Not because he wanted to make apologies to the frustrated drinkers on the part of the proprietor of the gin-mill, but because he wanted to make him happy and secure for his own compensation some small profit.

As the thirsty soul turned away with a muffled curse on the Excise law Cassack followed him.

curse on the Excise law Cassack followed him, and in some unobserved spot approached the man and offered bim a drink of corn-juice for three cents. The man was only too willing. He got his drink, and got it at a cheaper tariff than he would at a bar. Besides there was the sweetness of getting the drink in spite of the attempt to frustrate him in that purpose.

Cassack carried about a whiskey bottle and a small glass in his pocket. He was an itinerant barroom. When his whiskey bottle gawe out he filled it up from a demitohn at home.

But they got on to Falk's little game, and a mean policeman in the disguise of a peaceful whiskey-loving citizen threw himself in his way and then walked up to the back door of a salcon. As be turned away with a scowl Falk met him and found him only too glad to take a drink and only too surious to pay for it.

But the "cop," after taking his drink, took Falk and waitzed him off to the station-house, after confiscating his whiskey bottle. At the Essex Market Court Justice O'Reilly held him for trial.

The Height of Zeal. What is the height of zeal? When a newspa per reporter precipitates himself from the third-story window in order to get a beat.

FROM FLORIDA.

FIRMING BROS.
GENTLEMEN: Inclesed find \$1, for which send me s gennine Dr. O. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The druggist here keeps the counterfeit, but I must have the genuins. We have been using your pills for thirty-three years and have found them better that any other. We use them in cases of chills and fever, dysentery, bad colds, billeusness, haddeche and kindred troubles. We highly recommend them to all sufferers.

Floral City, Fla., Oct. 28, 1887.

In case of sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver, dyspeceis and costiveness, Dr. C. McLank's Cell-BRATED LIVER FILLS never fail to give relief-for both sexes and all ages. They are compounded with regard to even the most delicate constitutions. Sold by all druggists; price-25 cents. Prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pitteberg, Pa. Look out for an imitation made in St. Louis, which is often palmed off on innocent pur chasers as ours.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers

are offering imitations which they claim to

be Pearline, or " the same as Pearline.

It's false-they are not, and besides are

dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled,

but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

SCOTT'S **EMULSION** BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, bet 30th and 61st at. BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, bet 30th and 61st at. GHH WEEK AND SATURDAY. of the seasonic greenest necess, A MIDNIGHT BELL. BY HOYT, AUTHOR OF "A BRASS MOMERY." Gallery, 25c.; reserved, 50c., 75c., 81, 81, 50.

PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION I COUGH OR COLD

BRONCHITIS Threat Affection

SCROFULA Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs

are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or New Econor. you can be Relieved and Cured by

PALATABLE AS MILE. Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no co-planation or solicitation induce you to accept

Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm CATARRH Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril, ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

The HANKS Co.

Extracting, 25c.; with GAS, 50c. Sets, 65, 68 and \$10. Soft Sling, 50c. up; gold Sling, \$1 up. Female attendant. Sundays to 125 GTH AVE., 2D DOOR BELOW 14TH

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST.

BUSINESS NOTICES. CARPETS CLEANED T, M. STEWART, 326

PROCTOR'S 23D St. Theatre,

AMUSEMENTS.

"Gathers in its four acts a great deal of human nature, it is a success, there need be no minding of terms in setting this down,"—Eve. Sun.
FRICES, 25c., 50c., 75c., 81, 81.50.
Rights, 8.15. Saturday Matince, C. Thestre parties forming in or out of town can now secure seats 50 days in advance by mail, telegraph, telephone (No.038, 21 st.).

"GUYASCUTIS" AND WHAT IS IT! II TO GLANGE, PLJI JIM and TATTOOED MAN, AJEES the Cheening, Oklaboma, WORTH'S PALCE MUSECUM. UNION SQUARE THEATRE MUSEUM.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE THE PROOF.

MANAGET ABSOLUTELLY PIREPROOF.

BELEN BARR, IN A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

bVENINGS. S. IA. SATURDAY MATINES AT 2.

SUNDAY EVENING APRIL 4.

"The Modern Pagen," Lecture by Gen. Geo. Sheridan.

THE MAY M'CAULL OPERATORION. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. 4TH CAPTAIN SWIFT. 'Saperior CAPTAIN SWIFT. to Jim, the MONTH. AG

BROADWAY AND SOTH SE.

MATINES BATURDAY AT ats reserved 2 weeks in advan 14 TH STREET THEATRE, Commencing April 8
MATINGES WEDNESDAY
Not able First Production of Saturday AN IRON CREED.

THE GRAND MUNEUM AND MENAGERIE.

Positively a living MRIMAID and thousands of other conders, including the wonderful Gyaseutis.

Admission 10 couts: reserved seats, 5 couts extra. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE

THE Superior cast; scenery and accessories THE from original models. Matiness Wednes-Wife. WIFE. day and Saturday.

WINDSOR THEATRE, BOWERY, NEAR CANAL,
Week commencing Monday, April 8,
The Great Sensational Drama,
BEUBEN GLUE;
Or, Life Among the Bushrangers and Saturday.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 12 Mn at bet, 3d & Lex. ave.
A Lki/AL, WRECK,
from the Madison Square Theatre, with company, acenery and effects the same as produced there. Next
wak—"A Breas Monkey," Matines Saturday. DOCKSTADER'S THEATRE. The Goorga Colored ONLY WEEK ONLY EVERY MIGHT AT N 15. MINSTRELS. A MBERG THEATRE, every evening except Priday, Lindau's greatest success, DIE BEIDEN LEON-OREN, Friday, April 12, O. MOTHER-IN-LAW.

was addressed that your mistress posted that afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"Where did she write?"

"In the sitting-room, sir."

"Had she a desk or anything?"

"No, sir."

"How did you come to be in the room "She rang the bell for me."
"What for?"
"She told me to find her some blotting

paper."
Did you?"
'' Did you?"
'' I couldn't find any about, so I lent her my book."
Your book! What sort of a book?"



ONLY A FEW WORDS WERE DISCERNIBLE. "It's a blotting cass that my young man gave me on my birthday." "Have you you to now?" "Yes, sir. I'll fetch it."

"Yes, sir. I'll fetch R."

The girl went to her bedroom and returned with the biotting-book, which she handed to the solicitor. It was a little eighteenpenny American leather one, and contained six or eight leaves of blotting paper.

"Have you torn any out?" asked Mr. Bartam.

"Have you torn any out?" asked Mr.
Bartrain.
"None, sir."
"May I borrow this for an hour or two?"
"Certainly, sir."
Mr. Bartram took the blotting-book and drove to his office. He had a hope, but a very forlorn one, that a very old trick of which he had often heard might cast a ray of light upon the dark path he was treading.
When he got to his office he procured a piece of looking-glass and opened the blotting-book. Only the two centre sheets had been used to blot letters. He held the

"I didn't notice anything, sir, I was in such a fearful state of mind."

"Naturally. Now one more question. You didn't happen to notice to whom the letter was addressed that your mistress posted that afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"Where did she write?"

looking-glass upright on the paper, and two kinds of writing were instantly revealed, the maid's, and, as he presumed, the mistress's. In the latter hand, a big, firm, almost manly one, only a few words were discernible.

They were these:

"cannot leave husband. Go with."

Beware

cannot leave husband . Go with-

They were these:

"cannot leave husband , Go without not see you again.

all my folly now."

"By heaven!" exclaimed the solicitor, as he deciphered the last word, and brought his fist down on the table with a bang, "the letter that unhappy woman wrote was one breaking off an assignation with this foreigner. 'I cannot leave (my) husband, go without (me). (I can) not see you again. (I see) all my folly now. She was going away with this fellow—then—he had been that afternoon. It was to be an elopement. The girl said something about packing a box, and then her mistress leaving off and coming down and writing that letter. Her conscience touched her just in time, perhaps. No wonder she was worried when her husband popped in so unexpectedly. No wonder she resented his jealousy so much.

"And this man left London the next day to fulfil a Continental engagement. She was to have gone with him. That night he received her letter. How mad he must have been!

"How"—

The solicitor paused, and sat for a moment elegated in a brown study.

The solicitor paused, and sat for a moment absorbed in a brown study. Then he rose slowly, locked the servant's blotting-book in his desk, put on his hat and coat and went out. He dined that evening at his club, smoked

his cigar, and about 9 o'clock strolled down to Covent Garden and asked his way to the stage door.

He went in and saw the stage doorkeeper.

'I beg your pardon," he said, 'but could you give me any idea what is the best way to find the address of an Italian singer if you

want it?"
The stage doorkeeper looked at the gentle-man over his spectacles.
"Can't say, I'm sure. Some of 'em have so many. Is it a principal or a chorus you "A principal."
"Well, the agents generally knows them.
What might be the gentleman's name you

"Nig. Moroni."
"Sig. Moroni."
"Sig. Moroni; ob, him what's name has been mentioned in the Bloomsbury murder. We've got a little chap here as knows him well, he says. He was to have gone out with his company abroad, he says."
"Oh! Could I see this gentleman?"
"Yes, I daresay. He's on in the pantomine which is rehearsing now, but I'll send a message down."

A boy was despatched, and in about five minutes and odd, fat little fellow came pant-ing up the staircase.

Mr. Bartram politely explained his busi-ness and the genileman was quite affable directly.

"Oh, yes, I know Moroni well, lodged in the same house when I was better off, sir, I could have gone with him but for the missis and the kids. No, sir, I'm not Italian as you guess; you can tell that by my Hinglish. Moroni was going to take a concert party through the south of France, and after that to Halgiers, so he said. I should say he'd be in Nice now, or somewhere that way."

"Then, if I sent to Nice—to Sig. Moroni"—

"Lord, no! He wasn't going to run the show in that name: that's the name he teaches in here. He has another for business of a speciative kind like this. He's tour.

"Band left without discharging his debts in the town, and what consequently he had not informed anybody where his next engagement. The pile of gold and notes in front of him rapidly disminished.

"If you ask me." said the hotel-keeper, was.

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"If you ask me." said the hotel-keeper, and.

"I should say that the people Del Marco brought out with him have had enough of it, and that the company won't appear together anywhere again. If you want Del Marco I should go and look for him at Monte Carlo. That's where he's most silvery light.

"Mr. Bartram took the hint and went on the next day to Monte Carlo. There were plenty of Italians there, and as the solicitor had the found of him rapidly diminished.

"If you ask me." said the hotel-keeper, was.

"If you ask



ing as 'Sig. Del Marco, of the Royal Italian Opera. Lordon and St. Petersburg."

"Del Marco! Thank you very much."

With a profusion of thanks Mr. Ba tram shook hands with his informant and departed. The next day he had a long interview with the prisoner and told him that he was going out of town, that he should be alsent for a week, but that his interests would not be neglected. In the mean time he bade him be of good heart and hope that all might yet be made clear and his innocence established.

Mr. Bartram went straight to Nice, travelling by the Nice and Rome express. In Nice he found that the celebrated Del Marco Opera Company had appeared and made he grand fiasco, and that the eminent impression on the change. The Italian lost and the control of the roulette tables where a foreign looking and with a dark mustache and fierce Southern eyes, was winning heavily.

"Don't you recognize him?" said one Englishmen were standing by one of the roulette tables where a foreign looking and with a dark mustache and fierce Southern eyes, was winning heavily.

"Don't you recognize him?" said one finglishman to the other. "That's the fellow who had the opera company that came to grief. He stayed at our hotel. That's how I know him."

That was enough for Mr. Bartram. He determined to stand by the Italian and wait till he half finished playing.

As the Italian won heavily he had to wait some considerable time. At last fuck seemed to be on the change. The Italian lost a

"OB, YES; I KNOW MORONI WELL."

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the Hotel de Paris, famous for its restaurant:

The Italian was about to enter the restaurant, when Mr. Bartram touched his elbow. The Italian turned with a little start.

'Pardon me, signor," said the solicitor, naising his hat, 'but have I not the pleasure of addressing Sig. del Marco."

The Italian eyed the Englishman steadily for a moment. Then he said, quietly: "Well, sir, and then"

"My dear sir, I was so afraid I had made a mistake. I—er—it is a matter of private business on which I wish to speak to you. Will you dine with me?"

The Italian hesitated.

"You are a stranger to me, sir."

The Italian hesitated.

"You are a stranger to me, sir,"

"True. Let me explain my business. I have—er—a young lady friend—a very bosatiful girl; she is most anxious to adopt the operatic stage as a profession. I have heard so much of you as an agent and tutor that I thought if you"

Let Mavco's face brightened; he saw the chance of doing business.

"I understand what you mean, sir," he said. "but for this sort of thing my terms are high. To take an unknown young lady and make her a star, get her good parts and insure her favorable press notices, is a difficult task. I should require, if I am satisfied with the lady's appearance and voice, £200

"ROBINSON CRUSOK." O THE STAR ROLLER TOBOGGAN SLIDE TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY EVENSPECIAL —WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 10.
Grand Benefit tendered to GEORGE CHAWFORD
Music by Union Military Band.
Hall to let at low rates.

Hall to let at low rates.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE,
Oor, Washington and Johnson Sta.
Matiness Monday, Wednesday and Satueday,
"THE WEEK".
WE, US & CO.
Next Week—ONE OF THE FINEST. AMPHION ACADEMY, Knowles & Morris,

THE PAYMASTER GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Leasons & Managere Minnie Palmer in My Brother's Sister.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. THIS WEEK-SATURDAY MATTINES-MRS. LANGTRY.

FRED MILLS, The Australian Humoriet,
Monarch of Ventriloquists.
Francillia, Queen of the Slack Wire, Ells Love, Sam
Bradbury, Albert Ward, Minnie Schult, at Zipp's Gasine,
THIS WEEK. Huber & Gebhardt, Propressors.

insure her favorable press notices, is a difficult task. I should require, if I am satisfied with the lady's appearance and voice, £200 down on the signing of the agreement."

"Certainly—that is moderate."

"And the lady?"

"Is in Paris. But I can telegraph for her at once. Then if we say in four days' time?"

"Yes. Where shall we meet?"

"I am staying at the Hotel de Paris. My name is Col. Beutley. You can call on me at any time. Now, having settled our business, do me the honor of dinny with me," said the Englishman.

They went into the restaurant together, and the Englishman took a table. Then leaving his guest for a moment he went into the hotel and engaged an a ariment in the name of Col. Beniley, explaining that he would go back to Nice that night and return with his luggage on the following day.

Before returning to the restaurant he wrote out two telegrams addressed to persons in London, and sent the hotel porter to the talegraph office with them at once.

Then he returned and played host to the famous Sig. dea Marco, and when the dimner was over the Italian felt quite sure that he had hooked a big fish, and had only to hay aim properly to land him high and dry.

[To be Continued To-Morrow.]

of the servant. She was living at home with her own people. He found her in, and at 6.80. Were you asleep at that time?"
"Yes, air."

ship Rappahannock. The rest of his scafaring life was passed in New York Bay, and everybody called him by the name of his old ship.

He began his career as a Battery boatman in 1845, and for forty-four years was a familiar figure on the water front.

Whenever there was a race of Whitehall boats or of working boats on any of the waters around New York his boat might be seen in the lead, and it was generally first at the finish.

In one of the great regattas on the Harlem, before the days of paper shells and sliding seats, he carried off as prizes the Whithall boat Champion and a silk banner. The boat and the banner were exhibited as trophies in the Crystal Palace into an ash heap.

"Old Rappahannock" was a fireman himself and belonged to the same company that Alderman Clancy did.

On the water he was almost a successor of

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

wrought up Saturday night at the production of "A Legal Wreck."

After the play he returned to his residence, but could not sleep until anæsthetics had been

How Love, Jealousy and Crime Were Tangled Up. A TALE OF TO-DAY.

[NEW NOVELETTE EQUAL TO GABORIAU'S BEST.] A TRACIC RIDDLE.

Author of " The Lights o' London," " Scraphim Scap," " A Very Clover Scheme," &c., &c. Mrs. George Clowbury was found dead in bed, having been stabbed to the heart. The servant girl testifies that her mistress had quarrelled with her husband the night before, and the latter had left the house about 8 o'clock in the evening. A latchkey is found begind the bed, which is supposed to belong to the husband, who is at once sue-pectedud this crips. It is traced to Faris and arrested. He is overwhanged at the newsy of his wife's death, and said their quarrel arcse from her desire to go on the stage and the attentions of the Italian shows the historian wife, after the quarrel his returned to the house at 4, 30 celock in the mourning and made peace with his wife, leaving ter at 6, 30 o'clock to catch the Paris train, where he was going on business. The Italian cannot be found and Mr. Clowbury is todged in prison.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

happy man that the facts looked very black against him. He hastened to assure Clowbury that he believed him innocent, but he pointed out to him that the difficulty was to make the onea." jury also of his way of thinking.
"I have told the truth," Clowbury replied, despairingly. "What more can I do? I tell you honestly that I can't see myself how my

poor girl could have been murdered after I left the house. No one had any reason to do such a dreadful thing, and if any person had, should probably have seen any body go down how did he get in? The police say that there the steps." are not the slightest signs of any one having made a forcible entrance, and the servant de- der between 6.80, when Mr. Clowbury left. clares that she heard no noise."

solicitor, 'because she didn't hear you go Talking of the servant, an idea came to the solicitor. Shaking his friend's hand, and promising to see him again on the morrow, he left the prison.

Mr. Bartram drove straight to the address

'She must be a sound sleeper," relied the

once began to cross-examine her concerning what was in his mind. "Your master says he left the house at

Mr. Bartram did not disguise from the un-"What time did you wake up?"

"About ten minutes."

"If anybody had left the house after you went down you would have heard them?"

and 7, when you were downstairs." "Well, sir, yes; unless it's true that master "-"Never mind about master," replied Mr.

"God forbid, sir; and I've never been sure in my own mind as be "--"Never mind that. Now listen to me. When did you go to the front door?"

THE SOLICITOR FOLLOWS UP A PROMISING CLUE. "It was 7 o'clock, sir. It was the clock striking that woke me. That was my time to come down, and I got up and dressed at

> "Oh, yes, because I was in the kitchen. and that is in the front of the house. I "That," said Mr. Bartram, "fixes the mur-

"How long before you were downstairs?"

Bartram. "You don't want him hanged if he's innocent, do you?"

"Not till I found poor missis dead-then I "Wasn't there any milk or anything to take in?"
"No. sir; that's always put down the area."
"Did you notice if the front door was shut all right?"